

A movie poster for 'Prisoner of Lust'. It depicts a man with a beard and long hair, wearing a fringed orange garment around his waist, standing in a stone-walled enclosure. He is holding a long, thin whip. Another man, wearing blue shorts, is lying on a wooden bench in the foreground, with the whip resting on his back. The background is a dark, stone wall.

SIX DOLLARS

PRISONER of LUST

Pictorial Gay Fiction
for
ADULTS ONLY



CALL-BOY
PAGES 4-27



PRISONER OF LUST
PAGES 28-45

GREG
PAGES 46-47



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CALL- BOY

**THREE
A
FUN
CROWD**



Joe hadn't planned to work that night. The phone hadn't rang all day, and it was getting late into the evening as he sat at home beating his own meat

for a change. But around ten o'clock, a desperate call came from Lester.

"It's one of my best clients," Lester pleaded. "He's got some kid

over there, and they're just not making it. They want someone right away!"

"It's so late," Joe argued. "I just wanted to relax tonight!"





"He'll pay you fifty bucks, just for an hour," Lester continued. "You know him already. It's Jerry, the guy you met over here."

"The one that gave me seventy-five dollars just to suck me off?"

"That's the one. He really liked you. How about it? Can I call him back?"

After a short pause, Joe replied, "Well, I guess so. Tell him I'll be over in about half an hour."

"Good. Thanks a lot Joel Business hasn't been so good these days. Don't forget to send my ten percent tomorrow."

"Don't worry. You'll get it."

He hung up and rushed into the shower and soaped himself good. One thing Lester demanded was all his studs be clean. That was one of the main things that kept Lester in business. He had ten guys working for him, day and night. And everyone of them were handsome, well built, and always clean.

Joe was worried about getting it up again for Jerry and his friend. Lester had called so late, and he'd already spent half an hour jerking off. He hadn't worked in three days, and it was just asking too much to make him hold it. Right after Lester hung up, Joe popped a load that would have been worth a hundred bucks on the market!

If Jerry and his buddy were half decent, Joe knew he could get it up for them. And he knew himself well enough to know that it took more than one discharge to empty his bells. If he could get it up, there wouldn't be any problem at all in giving them a good load.

He dressed quickly and dashed off to the subway. Long ago he'd learned not to keep the clients waiting. More than once he'd showed up at a clients apartment about ten minutes too late, costing him both time and money.

The trains depressed him late at night. All he wanted to do was get there and get it over with so he could get back home. He didn't really mind the work, however. Especially now that he was hooked up with Lester. Most of Lester's clients were really nice guys, and surprisingly, a lot of them were quite young. It was



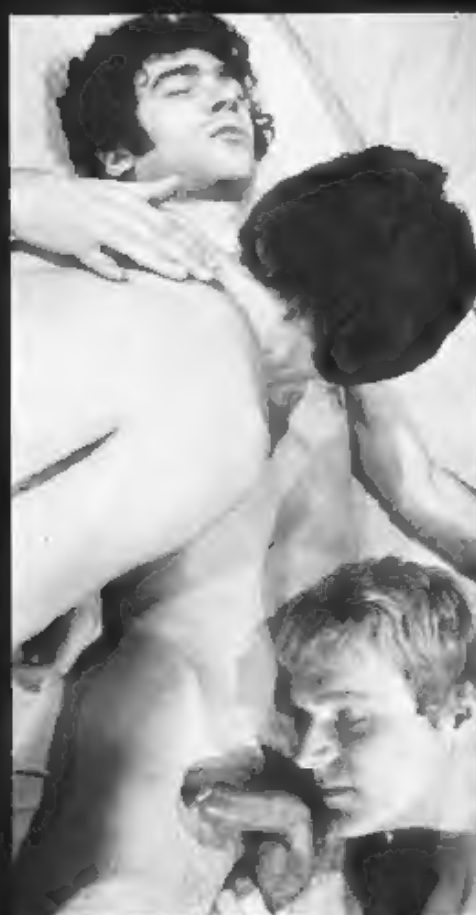


working the streets that he hated with a passion. The most he could make off the streets was round thirty to forty for a whole evening.

He also found it a little humiliating to hang out on the streets and be

picked up by any character that came along. The streets was world of cheap hotels, back alleys, parked cars, and a bunch of freaks that wanted to drain as much out of him for as little as they could get away with.





Lester's clients were different. Now he was moving around in style. In addition to top pay, he always got a transportation allowance (even taxis, upon occasion), and the working conditions were much more pleasing. Instead of alleys and hotel rooms, he found himself in plush, east side apartments, fucking someone's asshole on sheets of silk and satin!

It was difficult finding work in the city, especially any kind of work he was capable of doing. Without a de-

gree, things were really tough, as he quickly found out. The streets weren't his only option, but it was easier and paid more than most of the asshole jobs he was offered. And his time was





his own. That was the best part. He worked when he wanted to, and could sleep late in the mornings, and screw around all night. When work was steady, he could make anywhere from two to four hundred a week, for only a few hours labor.

By the time he arrived at Jerry's apartment, he'd managed to work himself up again into a semi-hard. If he remembered clearly, Jerry wasn't a



bad guy at all. He was young, and pretty good looking, and he really knew how to suck cock. Even after beating off, Joe found himself anxious to feel some hot lips clamped around his prick, and maybe a nice tight asshole to plow. Three days without work had left him horny and eager... and damned near broke.

Jerry met him at the door, with nothing on but his underwear, and took him promptly into the bedroom. He introduced Joe to Danny, a young, blond haired man who waited anxiously on the bed.

"I thought you'd never get here," Jerry said.

"I came as fast as I could," Joe





replied

"So whatta ya think?" Jerry asked Danny

"He's just like you said! Really good fuckin'! I just hope his prick is as big as you said."

"Just hang on," Jerry replied "You can find out for yourself."

Danny swung onto the edge of the bed and reached right out for Joe's crotch. He grabbed him hard and squeezed the thick bulge that protruded lewdly.

"Looks like you're pretty hungry," Joe said.

Danny looked up and smiled. "He's always hungry," Jerry said. "Anytime there's a cock within ten feet of him, he goes into a trance."

"Take your shirt off," Danny urged. "Let us see your muscles."

Joe raised his arms over his head and stripped off his shirt, peeling it



slowly from his well-muscled torso as Jerry and Danny sat holding their breath.

"Wow! What a body," Danny said. "Didn't I tell you?" came Jerry's reply.

"He's even better than I'd imagined!"

"Wait'll you see what kinda meat I've got," Joe said, joining in the conversation.

"Is it good and hard?" Danny asked, licking his lips.

"Gertin' harder by the minute," Joe replied. "Why don't you see for yourself?"

With that, Danny gripped Joe by the bulge in his crotch and tugged him down onto the bed. Sandwiched between Jerry and Danny, Joe laid back and let them run their hands over his chest, down to his thighs and crotch. This was the easy part...the part he





loved. All he had to do was lay back and let them feed on his joint and for that, he earned his daily bread.

Their fingers traveled up and down his chest, tracing the hard muscles of his pectorals, pinching his nipples, digging into the thick black hair of his armpits. He could feel them fumbling with his belt and fly, and then the first warm touch of their flesh against his beneath his worn dungarees.

Inch by inch, they tugged his dungarees down, revealing his long thick dick a little at a time. When finally his pants were down far enough, his cock sprang up and out and slapped down against his muscled-knotted stomach.

"God Almighty! Look at the fuckin' piece of meat!" Danny squealed like a schoolgirl at the sight of Joe's hard young cock, growing stiffer and longer and thicker as each second ticked by.

"What a prick!" Danny continued, seemingly in utter disbelief at the size of Joe's rod. "Man, I can't wait to have that thing shoved up my ass. Do you fuck, man? Will you fuck me with that thing?"

"Anything you want, baby," Joe replied.

"Put it in your mouth," Jerry said to Danny as he gripped the root of Joe's cock and lifted it up. "Show him what a great cocksucker you are!"

"Yeah, get down there and eat that thing," Joe urged.











"With pleasure, Danny replied. In one quick sweep, he jumped between Joe's wide-spread thighs and plunged his hot wet mouth down around the huge bulbous knob of Joe's cock. Inch by delicious inch, he began to swallow the massive length, devouring it until it poked its way down his throat. He took the entire length down his throat until his lips were nuzzled in the dense, sweaty crotch hair at the base.

"Oh, man," Joe moaned. "Suck that big dick, baby! Keep it at the way in like that!"

Danny kept it in as long as he could until he began to choke and gag. Then he began a slow, steady, up-and-down rhythm on Joe's tremendous rigid pole, sliding from the thick-meated crown to the root. Jerry got in on the action by sliding down and taking both of Joe's balls into his mouth while Danny sucked his prick. For Joe it was pure ecstasy even though he beat off only an hour before. Danny really knew his cock sucking, and Jerry was wetting his sensitive balls down with a thick coat of hot saliva.

Joe closed his eyes and press his head into the pillow. For a least half an hour Danny and Jerry worked on his prick, each taking his turn on the



hard, monstrous pole, each sucking his balls and poling their fingers back toward his asshole.

After a while, he pulled himself up onto his knees and straddled Jerry's face. He bent his long stiff prick down to meet Jerry's moist, eager lips, and fed his dick to him in long, hard strokes. Jerry choked and gagged as

each downward thrust sent the shuddering length of flesh half way down his throat but he loved every minute of it. His head bobbed up and down to meet every thrust, and his tongue bathed the throbbing cockhead in hot, creamy fluids.

"Suck my asshole." Joe said to Danny "Run out that ass!"

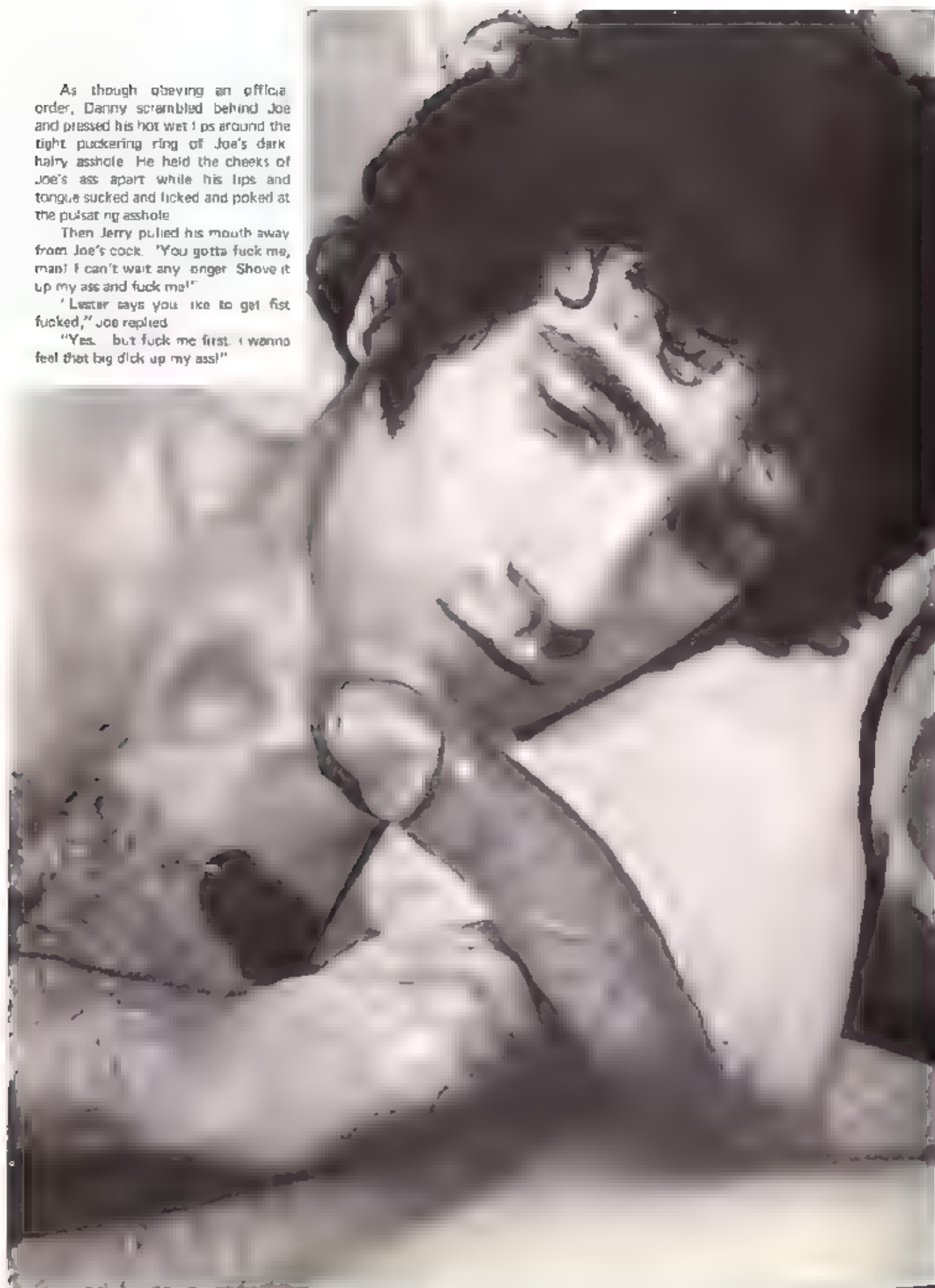


As though obeying an official order, Danny scrambled behind Joe and pressed his hot wet lips around the tight puckering ring of Joe's dark hairy asshole. He held the cheeks of Joe's ass apart while his lips and tongue sucked and licked and poked at the pulsating asshole.

Then Jerry pulled his mouth away from Joe's cock. "You gotta fuck me, man! I can't wait any longer. Shove it up my ass and fuck me!"

"Lester says you like to get fist fucked," Joe replied.

"Yes... but fuck me first. I wanna feel that big dick up my ass!"









Joe crawled off Jerry's chest, and Jerry quickly scrambled into position. He held his buttocks open as Joe positioned himself between his thighs and lowered his massive cock downward. Jerry's asshole swallowed his cock as easily as Danny's mouth, and Joe began pumping dick to him in hard even strokes. Again, Danny clung to Joe's asshole, rimming him as he fucked Jerry.

After a few minutes, Jerry gasped. "Now, use your fist! Fuck me with your fist!"

"I want it up my ass too," Danny demanded. "Fuck me while you use your fist on him."

Just as they wanted, Joe plunged his cock up Danny's asshole, while at the same time, he worked his entire fist up Jerry's ass! He shoved his fist in and out, and plowed his cock in and out Danny's tight-grinding hole in fast furious strokes.

It didn't take long for all three of them to reach the point of explosion. Jerry popped first, with Joe fist twisting and churning inside his bowels. The sight of Jerry spewing out his cum made Danny pop about two seconds later. His thick creamy cum shot out across Jerry's chest in hard







shuddering throbs.

"Here comes mine," Joe finally gasped. "I'm gonna shoot, man! Here it comes!"

Denny and Jerry turned to watch

as Joe shot out the first thick glob of his male seed. Followed by another long stringy bolt of cum, and other and another, as he emptied his balls onto Danny's back. Even after the load he'd

already popped, Joe shot out a flood of cream that disappointed no one. His body lurched in spasmodic jerks as each firey wad gushed out.

When finally it was over, Joe



collapsed on the bed beside Jerry. His gasping for breath is slow & heavy. "Oh, Lord, oh, Lord," Jerry whispers a little & a wave of nausea jolts through him. "He's dying," Jerry says, his face pale and his hands shaking.

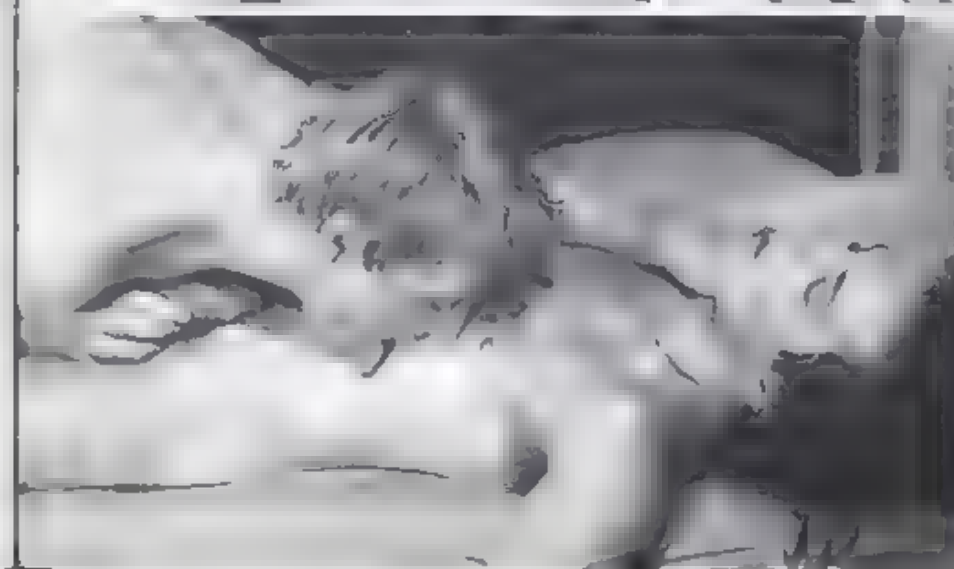
"He is," Jerry says, his face pale and his hands shaking.

But on that night on the high-revolutionary bed in the private room at the clockwork hotel, Wednesday night, he found him at the very end of his life. With his feet on Jerry's face and his back against the wall, he was dead.

END



of other and most had already passed Joe and out a foot of the room that seemed to be one. His body, a small, slender, dark-skinned man, was lying on the bed, his head turned away from the camera. When finally he was over Joe



PRISONER OF LUST





When I got back to Virginia, everyone asked me about my trip, and what it was like to be in the big city. I didn't really know how to answer them. I knew what they wanted to hear, about the bright lights, loose women, and all kinds of activity. So I did my best to make it sound really great.

I couldn't tell them the real truth. If they'd known what really happened to me, I'd be like an outcast the way girls are when they get pregnant or something. I couldn't even tell my



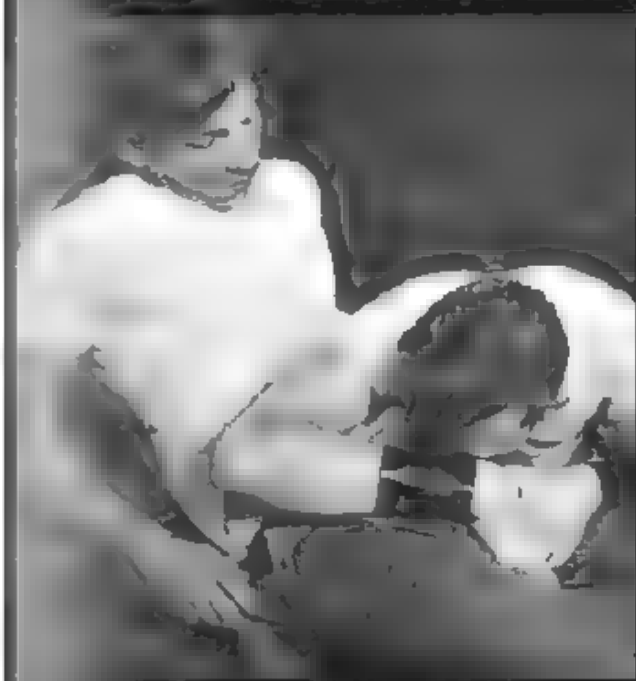
folks. They'd both been worried when I told 'em I was going off to New York for a week, and my Dad tried to warn me about all kinds of shit. But who listens to parents. They never seem to understand that everyone has to find

out things on his own. But for once, just once, I wished I'd listened to my old man.

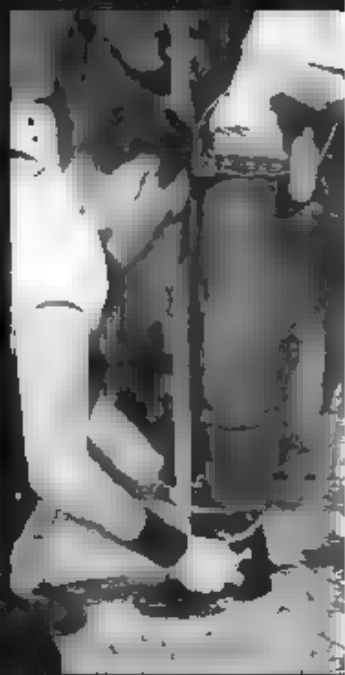
I didn't understand him at first, when he told me about guys who tried to get too friendly. I understood the







shit he said about getting the ship
from whores, and losing money when
you get drunk, and all that. But when
he said not to get around with guys
who come on too friendly, I really





couldn't figure that one out. It seemed to me like if someone gets real friendly with you, then that's who you hang out with.

My old man's been around in the service six years before he married my mom. And traveled all over the place when he was a kid. So I guess he knows what he's talking about. I should have figured that out sooner.

The very first night I was in the city, I couldn't wait to hit those damned bars. Where I'm from, kids my age can't come anywhere near a bar. So the first thing I headed for in the city was the nearest bar.

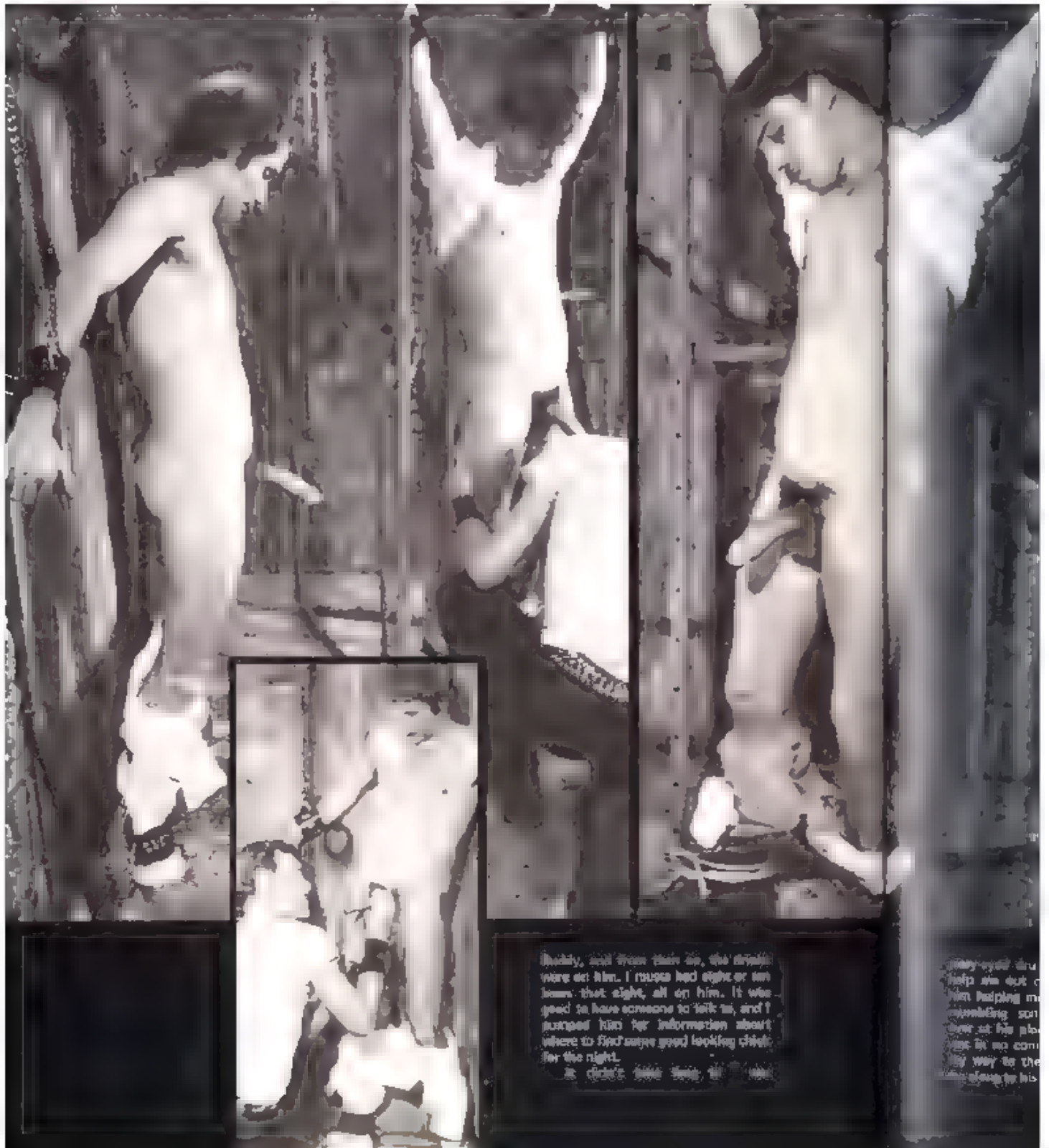
It was just like I imagined a bar to be. Dark and dingy, with lots of men hovered around small tables, and clustered near the bar. The only thing missing was the women dancing around and hanging onto the men. At first I thought it was a little strange. But mainly that night I was interested in doing a little drinking.

After a couple of beers, this guy walked over to me and started talking. He seemed friendly enough, and what my Dad had told me didn't even enter my mind. He introduced himself as









ludely, and from then on, the stare
was on him. I guess had eight or ten
beats that night, all on him. It was
good to have someone to talk to, and I
juxted him for information about
where to find some good looking chicks
for the night.

It didn't take long to find

many-eyed and
help him out of
him helping me
remembering son
there at his place
was in no con
my way to the
home along to his



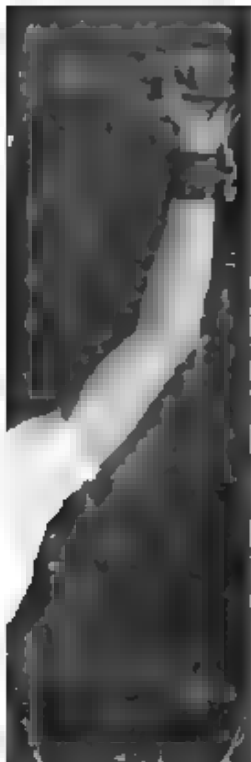
pussey-eyed drunk, and Buddy had to help me out of the bar. I remember him helping me down the street, and mumbling something about staying over at his place for the night. Since I was in no condition to argue or find my way to the hotel, I let him carry me along to his apartment.

After what seemed like an endless walk, we finally arrived at his place. It was dark inside, and all I wanted was to curl up in bed and forget it. I remember a clumsy flight of stairs, and then a bench. He sat me down, and I slumped back and closed my eyes. The entire room seemed to spin around

and I could feel my consciousness slipping.

But suddenly I was aware of something. There was this dull throbbing in my watch, and I could feel myself getting hard. But not only that, there was someone playing with my prick! I struggled to open my eyes and sit up,



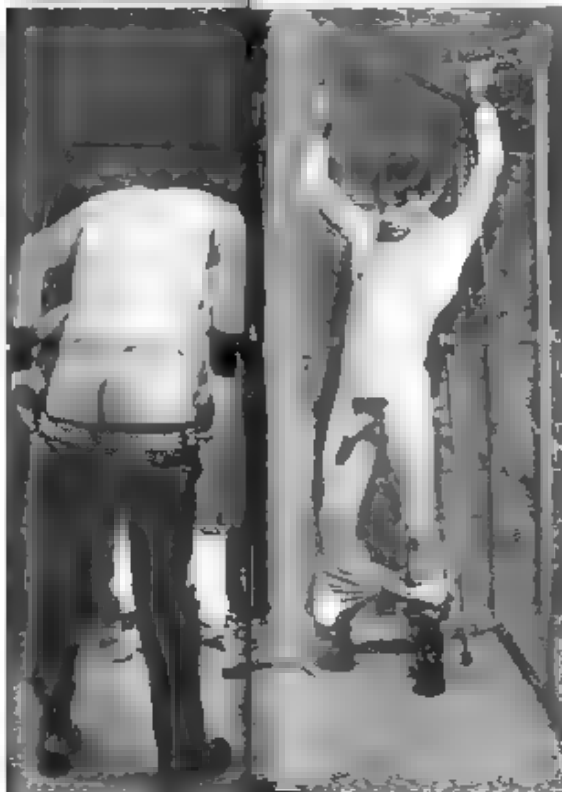


Just as I saw Buddy bending over my crotch and clamping his mouth over the head of my cock!

I couldn't believe it. At once, I was swept up in a wave of repulsion and disgust, but the incredible pleasure he pumped into my dick seemed to paralyze me. I sat there, stunned and dizzy for don't know how long. It became quite clear to me then what my Dad had meant. My only impulse was to run to get away from that guy as quickly as I could.

Gathering all my strength and will power in my drunken condition, I managed to push him off and leap to my feet. My main concern was getting out of there, but the room started spinning again, and I got so dizzy I couldn't stand up.

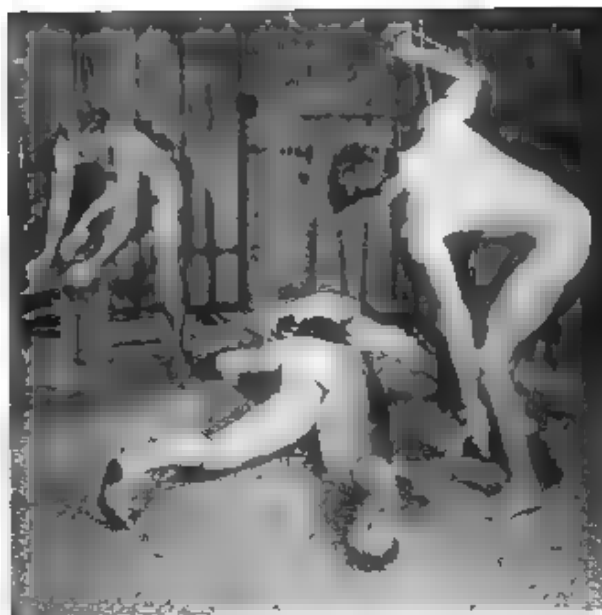
Then there he was again. He grabbed me and broke my fall. But before I could get myself together and resist him, he started binding my hands and feet to a metal frame. My mind just couldn't accept or grasp what was happening to me. Suddenly I was his prisoner!





When he turned up the lights, I looked around the room in amazement. The whole place was set up like a torture chamber, and I was not his only captive. Another guy was chained up to a doorway, and stripped half naked. Only then did I experience the first wave of fear. I realized this guy was some sort of nut and I was completely at his mercy.





He came to me then and yanked my pants down around my ankles. He pulled my shirt up and back over my head, so that I was practically naked. The other guy chained up next to me just stared dumbly at us. I wondered how long he'd been hanging there like that, and what sort of miserable, disgusting things Buddy had put him through.





I was soon to find out just what it was that Buddy was after. He dropped down onto his knees in front of me and began lurching on my prick like a damned hungry animal. He sucked me long and hard, just short of making me cum. Then he went to his other prisoner, and did the same to him. He went back and forth, from one to the other, keeping us both wet and hard.

Then I watched in amazement as he stripped off his leather pants and hacked his damned ass onto the other guy's cock. I began struggling against my bindings while Buddy fucked him self half crazy on the other guy's prick. I was filled with a ray of hope when I discovered how loose my bindings were.

In a moment, he came over to me and backed his hot asshole onto my cock, just like he'd done the other guy. I couldn't help but shove it all the way in. He'd gotten me so hard and horny, and his asshole felt great!

Really hot and tight. I rammed my prick in and out, but all the while I kept pulling against the ropes. To my surprise and delight, one of my hands broke free. Quickly I freed the other one while I kept Buddy pacified on my cock. Then in one quick shove, I pushed him to the floor. Quickly I untied my ankles and helped the other guy get loose.

From there, we took our revenge. Using some of Buddy's own equipment, we beat the shit out of him till he begged us to stop. But that wasn't enough. We both decided to use him the way he used us. First one, and then the other, we fucked his damned asshole till it started to bleed! I popped my load right up inside his damned ass and the other guy shot all over his face.

But even that wasn't enough. The final insult was yet to follow. As soon as I'd shot my load, I pulled my prick out of his ass and went over and shoved

it in his mouth. Then I let go with a gallon of hot piss that flooded his mouth and spewed over his face. I threatened his life if he didn't swallow it, and to our disgust, we heard him gulp it down.

We left him that way—bruised, beaten, raped and wet with piss. But even that didn't seem enough to make up for the humiliation he'd put us both through.

When people ask me about my trip, and what the city's like, I'd like to tell them things like my Dad told me. But I don't suppose they'd listen any more than I did. Maybe I'll listen to my Dad from now and maybe I won't. I haven't told you yet what the other guy and I did together after we left!

END







GREG





Sale to Minors Forbidden



This Publication is offered as
Adult Entertainment and aimed
at ongoing changes in current
patterns of Gay Societal Behavior
with the view that
the picturing and displaying of
the unclothed human body is
deserving of increased acceptance
in our Contemporary Society.